

BAD BLOOD



12+ ADDITIONS TO
"LOVE AT FIRST SPITE"



Thank you for downloading this zine!

*This is the 18+ add on to Love at First Spite!
So remember! this zine contains 18+ content! if you
aren't ready or don't want to see that, do not go any
further!! Anyways, I'm so excited and proud to see
this project succeed! Thank you again to all our
awesome artists and writers!! and make sure to support
all of them! They worked so hard and did such an
awesome job!! hope all of you will enjoy it just as
much as I do!*

*Please respect the artists and DO NOT repost, print,
or sell the contents of this zine!*

- [SB]

Table of Contents



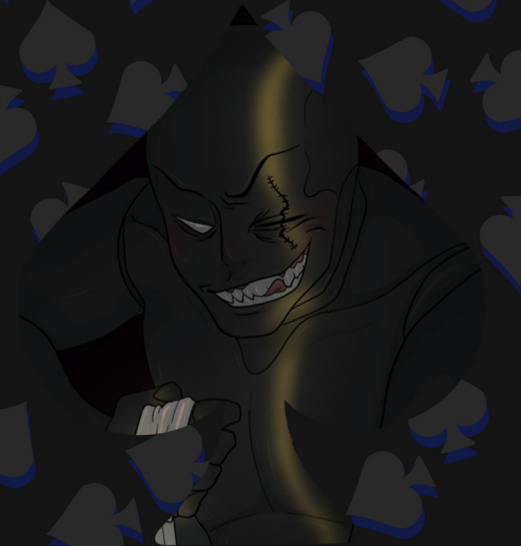
- By Ender
pg 6



- By Birch
pg 7



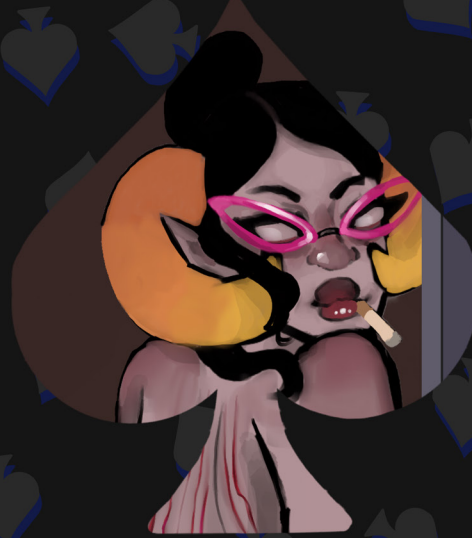
Coffee Break,
Promise Broken
By: Leviathan
Coffee Break,
Broken Promise
-By: Leviathan, pg 10



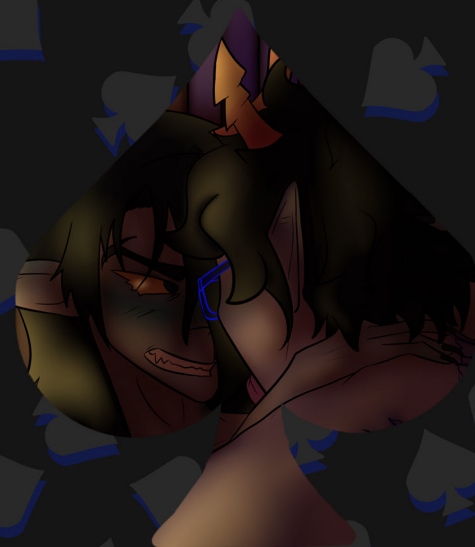
- By Fizz
pg 16



- By Racyricos
pg 8



- By Ash
pg 9



- By Marcus
pg 18



- By Aaron
pg 19



We're alike, you and I.



Coffee Break, Promise Broken

By: Leviathan

“Hi, what can I get started for you?”

“A triple shot macchiato with oat milk and four pumps of mocha. The name’s Eridan.”

“That’ll be seven ninety-five.”

Eridan swiped his student ID, paying for the drink before stepping aside to wait. Glancing at his gold watch, he sighed. Carp, he was going to be late for class if they didn’t hurry up with his coffee. And he liked this class, too. Imperial Naval History 301.

“Triple shot macchiato for Eridan?”

Finally! Grabbing his drink, he muttered a thanks and hurried out of the campus coffee shop. Normally, he’d take the scenic route to the Hope Lake History Center, walking down along the river. But he didn’t have time to crunch through dead leaves tonight. He’d have to take a shortcut through the art building.

Stepping inside, he was almost immediately run over by a couple of lowbloods carrying a large display table. They quickly apologized to the seadweller and hurried off.

Fine. As long as no one else got in his way, he might still make it to class on time. If his Old Alternian professor hadn’t gone over rambling about the differences between lowblood Alternian and the Seadweller Tongue,

maybe he wouldn’t be this fucking desperate to get to- oh, for fuck’s sake.

As he rounded the corner near the computer lab, he spotted two bluebloods he didn’t recognize. They seemed to be harassing someone. Now, normally, Eridan wouldn’t consider this a problem, let alone his problem.

“Hey, battery! Charge my phone!”

“Pissbloods like you don’t deserve an education. You’re only good for one thing!”

“Why don’t you two piss off? I’m sorry you can’t get your heads out of each other’s asses, but unlike you, I have places to be.”

Eridan recognized that voice. That lisp, the slightly raspy tone, it had to be. And sure enough, as he got closer, he could see the two bluebloods laughing and brandishing an Exacto knife and a pair of fabric scissors, respectively, at Sollux Captor.

Although all three trolls in question were taller than Eridan himself, in terms of caste, he easily outranked them all. And they were blocking the entire hallway. So, he’d have to do something about it.

“Would you ladies mind fuckin’ off an’ leavin’ my battery alone?” He asked, putting on his sweetest, yet most menacing tone.

The bluebloods laughed, turning around to see who had dared to interrupt them. This little punk was so gonna- oh shit. That is a violetblood. Never mind. The pair quickly apologized to Eridan and absconded.

“Gee, thanks E.D.,” Sollux said sarcastically.

“You’re welcome,” Eridan replied just as bitterly. He checked his phone. Ugh, he forgot to charge it yesterday. “Now could you be a dear and charge my phone for me?”

Sollux rolled his eyes. “Oh, fuck you. I’ll do it, but you know the drill.”

“The usual?”

“Naturally.”

Eridan so did not have time for this. But he definitely needed his phone for the long walk back to his dorm after class, and he doubted the battery would last long enough for that. 13%. That would maybe get him through, but he didn't want to risk it. Besides, he hated having his phone under 50% anyway.

“Fine. Just make it quick.”

Sollux smirked, leading Eridan down a side hall to a small closet. Inside were a bunch of cleaning supplies and tools, and in the middle of the floor was a drain with a small faucet above it on the wall. It was stained with paint, and, if even a non art major like Sollux knew about this place, probably other things, too.

“Seriously? In here?”

“Hey, it's easy clean-up. Now hurry up, students aren't supposed to be in here.”

Eridan sighed, carefully stepping inside the gross closet and setting his coffee cup on an empty spot on a shelf. He was really wishing he hadn't worn such expensive shoes as he tried to position his feet in the least sticky spots. He turned his head to see Sollux quickly step inside and shut the door.

“Wha-”

“Shh!”

Just as Eridan was about to protest, he heard someone walk past with heavy boots, lots of keys, and an annoying whistle. He was suddenly a lot more inclined to stay quiet now that he knew someone could catch him in here with a lowblood.

Once the whistling troll was gone, Eridan registered just how dark it was in

here with the door shut. He hadn't seen a light switch either. Right. Cool. This is fine.

Still, he jumped a little when he felt Sollux reach around his waist and fumble a bit with his belt. He ignored the soft chuckle, which he soon returned with his own when he had to intervene in order to actually undo his belt. Ha. Take that.

His confidence took a hit, though, as Sollux quickly tugged down his boxers and shoved two fingers into his nook. Wincing, he fought to keep his knees from buckling as the goldblood fingered him roughly. It took a good portion of his self control to stay quiet, gritting his teeth as he squeezed his eyes shut.

They snapped open again, though, when he felt Sollux do something new: he'd taken his material-slicked fingers and not-so-gently inserted them into his ass.

“Ah-! What the- mmph?!”

His own scarf had been wedged into his mouth as a gag. Oh fuck. He'd probably need it anyway if Sollux was serious about trying anal, but it was a little rude to... to...

Oh no.

Oh that should not feel pleasant.

Eridan whimpered into his scarf, trying to act like he wasn't enjoying getting his ass fingered and stretched. Because he really shouldn't be. It felt so strange and a little bit painful, but he wasn't fighting it.

“Seriously?” Sollux whispered. “Huh. Didn't take you for the type to actually like this. Slut.”

Eridan could only growl in response. Why was he doing it then, if he didn't think he'd at least get something out of it? Granted, he didn't expect to let

out such a desperate whine as Sollux pulled his fingers out either.

He could hear the faint buzz of psionic energy behind him as Sollux undid his own pants and freed his massive twin bulges. He knew they were massive since he'd taken both in his nook a few times before. Not an easy task, mind you. Just one would be more than enough to satisfy most.

"Last chance, E.D.," Sollux warned. "You sure you need your phone charged that bad?"

"Mmph."

"What was that? I couldn't hear you," the goldblood teased, pulling the scarf from Eridan's mouth for a moment.

"I said, shut up an' fuck me before I mmph," Eridan growled, being cut off once again by the scarf.

The growl that followed turned into a whine as Sollux pushed one of his bulges into Eridan's nook. The other was now slowly being inserted into his ass, simply for the sake of it being a much tighter fit.

A few violet-tinged tears rolled down Eridan's cheeks as he tried to relax enough to take it. Ow. Ow ow ow. If only Sollux had taken a little more time to prepare him... but what could he really expect from a very unofficial kismesis? More like someone he got pitch-fucked by occasionally.

Thinking about other things was starting to help him cope with the discomfort, like the fact that he was definitely going to be late for class now. Great. And his coffee was going to be cold by the time he got to it.

Hmm. Sollux was sure taking his time letting him adjust for once. That was odd...

"Mm-?!"

Ah. There he goes. And now he's not holding back.

Whimpering, Eridan clawed at the wall and bit down hard on his scarf,

tearing some of the delicate fibers with his sharp fangs. His legs started to wobble, but before he could fall, the tingling energy of psionics began to coil around his body to hold him up and keep him in place. He still trembled, hissing in pain.

A few minutes in, however, with very little change in pace, Eridan felt something start to shift. His eyes rolled back as he drooled into his scarf, moaning heavily into it. Even with Sollux pounding into him relentlessly and stretching him in entirely new dimensions, there was still an element of pleasure amid the pain. And he'd just found it, writhing deep inside.

His legs gave out entirely as he came, but thanks to Sollux's psionic hold, he didn't collapse into a heap in his own genetic material. Instead, he felt a heavy shudder before heat flooded both his holes.

He'd filled him.

Sollux had fucking filled him like a fucking pail. He could feel his abdomen swell, making him feel a bit sick. Oh cod.

Eridan whimpered as Sollux slowly pulled out of both holes, leaving them raw and sensitive. At least he was relatively gentle as he lowered him to the ground with his psionics, stuffing his bulges away with his hands at the same time. He then left without so much as a thanks or a goodbye.

Slumped on the floor, Eridan took a few minutes to catch his breath and try to salvage his dignity. Unfortunately, he felt a rumbling in his gut and groin that told him to quickly pack up, grab his lukewarm coffee, and scramble to the nearest restroom.

As soon as he sat down on the cold porcelain, gold genetic material began to pour out of him. He whimpered, clapping a hand over his mouth. Cod, it felt like horrible lava coming out of his ass. Walking properly was going to be out of the fucking question after this.

It was as he slid painfully into his seat in the auditorium for his Imperial Naval History lecture and took a sip of his coffee that he realized something: that goldblooded prick hadn't even charged his fucking phone!





Credits



Aaron/Ren



<https://nyaar0n.carrd.co/>

Birch

birchbow



Ender



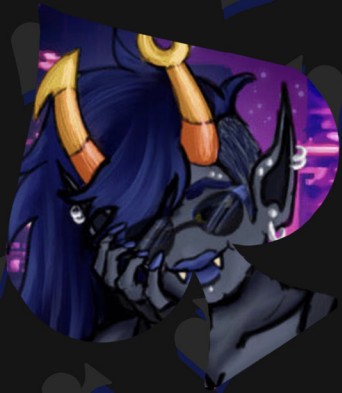
ender--slime



enderslime



enderslime_



Ash

Johnstrider

girlpire



Fizz

skaianettechsupport

ink_possum



Racyricos



racyricos

Leviathan

vampyrecxre



Marcus/Floyd



zom-head

